

VISIT...

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**Tip**

Connect the clues or ideas from the selection to choose the best answer.

**Directions: Answer the questions.**

- 1. Which of the following would Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., approve of the MOST?**
  - A meeting new friends
  - B helping members of the community
  - C visiting Washington, D.C.
  - D participating in a sports event
  
- 2. Which of these activities could BEST be added to the diagram on page 389?**
  - A selling lemonade at a baseball game
  - B studying for a test
  - C volunteering at a nursing home
  - D cleaning your bedroom
  
- 3. On page 390, what does the word *precaution* mean?**
  - A being in a dangerous situation
  - B not being afraid to take risks
  - C avoiding problems after something happens
  - D taking steps to prevent problems
  
- 4. A group is choosing between two projects: bringing meals to the elderly and raising money for a new baseball field. Which project do you think the group should choose? Explain your choice.**
  
- 5. Choose a community service project that you would like to do. Explain what the project is and how you would organize it. Use information from the selection to help you plan your project.**

**Writing Prompt**

Think about a time when you helped someone. Tell what happened and how you helped. Write a journal entry that is at least three paragraphs and include details.



# CIVIL RIGHTS





## Talk About It

What rights do you think all citizens of the United States should have? What does discrimination mean to you?



Find out more about civil rights at

[www.macmillanmh.com](http://www.macmillanmh.com)

Hemos aprendido  
volar como los p  
a nadar como los  
pero no hemos aprendido  
el sencillo a  
como her

Martin L



## Vocabulary

|            |             |
|------------|-------------|
| scald      | blurted     |
| permission | clenched    |
| autograph  | chiseled    |
| fare       | spectacular |



## Homophones

**Homophones** are words that sound the same but have different meanings and spellings. For example, the word *fare* has a different meaning than the word *fair*.

# Lunch Counter Encounter

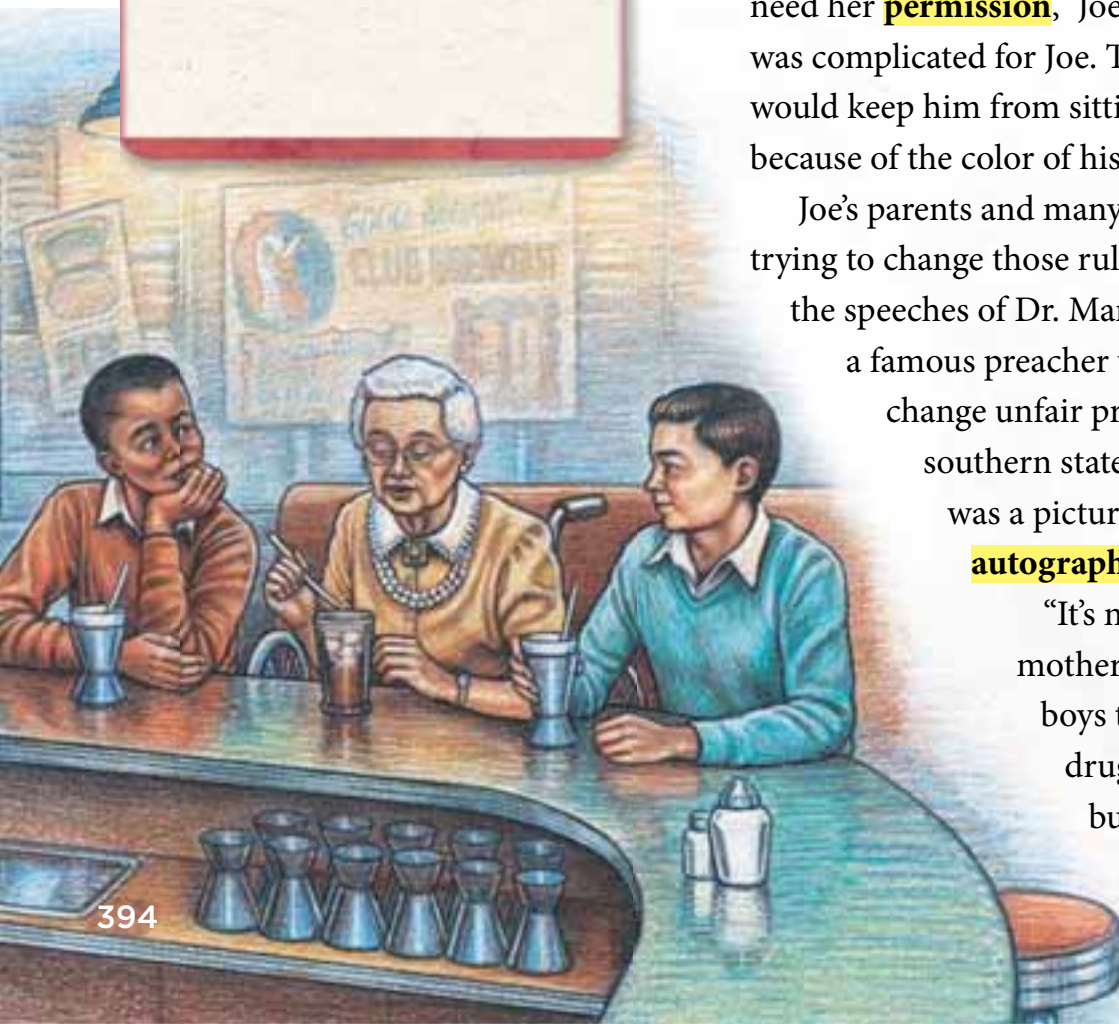
by Ilysa Samuelson

**B**est buddies Joe and Paul loved to play baseball. They spent the morning of June 23, 1963, working on their swings and working up a sweat. It was a hot day and the Mississippi sun was doing its best to **scald** the boys with its hot rays. At about noon Paul started feeling hungry. He wanted to grab a burger from the drugstore on Center Street with Joe.

“Ummm, I’ll ask my mom if I can go. I need her **permission**,” Joe said. The situation was complicated for Joe. There were rules that would keep him from sitting with his friend because of the color of his skin.

Joe’s parents and many other people were trying to change those rules. They listened to the speeches of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., a famous preacher who was trying to change unfair practices in many southern states. In Joe’s house there was a picture of Dr. King with his **autograph** on the bottom.

“It’s mighty hot,” Joe’s mother said. “Why don’t you boys take the bus to the drugstore? I’ve got the bus **fare** right here.”



“No, ma’am,” Paul **blurted** out suddenly. “Bikes are fine!” He hated riding the bus with Joe. They would be forced to sit in the back.

When the boys reached Center Street, Joe started to get nervous.

“Dad told me about some trouble here last week,” Joe said sadly. “I’ll just wait outside.”

“Not happening!” Paul said, as he grabbed Joe’s arm and the two boys marched through the door. Paul’s hand was **clenched** in a fist as they headed for two empty stools.

A man with a frown that looked like it was **chiseled** out of stone blocked their way. “Go around back if you’re with *him*,” he said pointing at Joe.

Before the boys could respond, a woman’s voice interrupted the discussion.

“These boys will be joining me,” the soft voice said. The man and the boys turned to see a woman in a wheelchair beside them. “Excuse us,” she said smiling, as she moved her chair toward the man, intending to go forward.

Not wanting to appear rude to the woman, the man stepped aside.

Joe and Paul followed the woman to the stools. She parked beside them and talked steadily as they ordered and ate their lunch.

After the boys finished, the woman met them on the sidewalk outside. “Have a **spectacular** afternoon,” she said. “Two friends like you, *that* shouldn’t be a problem.” Then she wheeled away. Joe and Paul never got her name, but they never forgot her either.

## Reread for Comprehension



### Story Structure Character and Setting

A Character and Setting Chart can help you list important details about characters and settings. These two features are part of the story structure. Use your Character and Setting Chart as you reread “Lunch Counter Encounter” to figure out the characters’ traits and information about where and when the story takes place.

| Character | Setting |
|-----------|---------|
|           |         |
|           |         |
|           |         |
|           |         |



# Comprehension

## Genre

**Historical Fiction** tells a story in which fictional characters take part in actual events from the past.



## Story Structure

### Character and Setting

As you read, use your Character and Setting Chart.

| Character | Setting |
|-----------|---------|
|           |         |
|           |         |
|           |         |
|           |         |

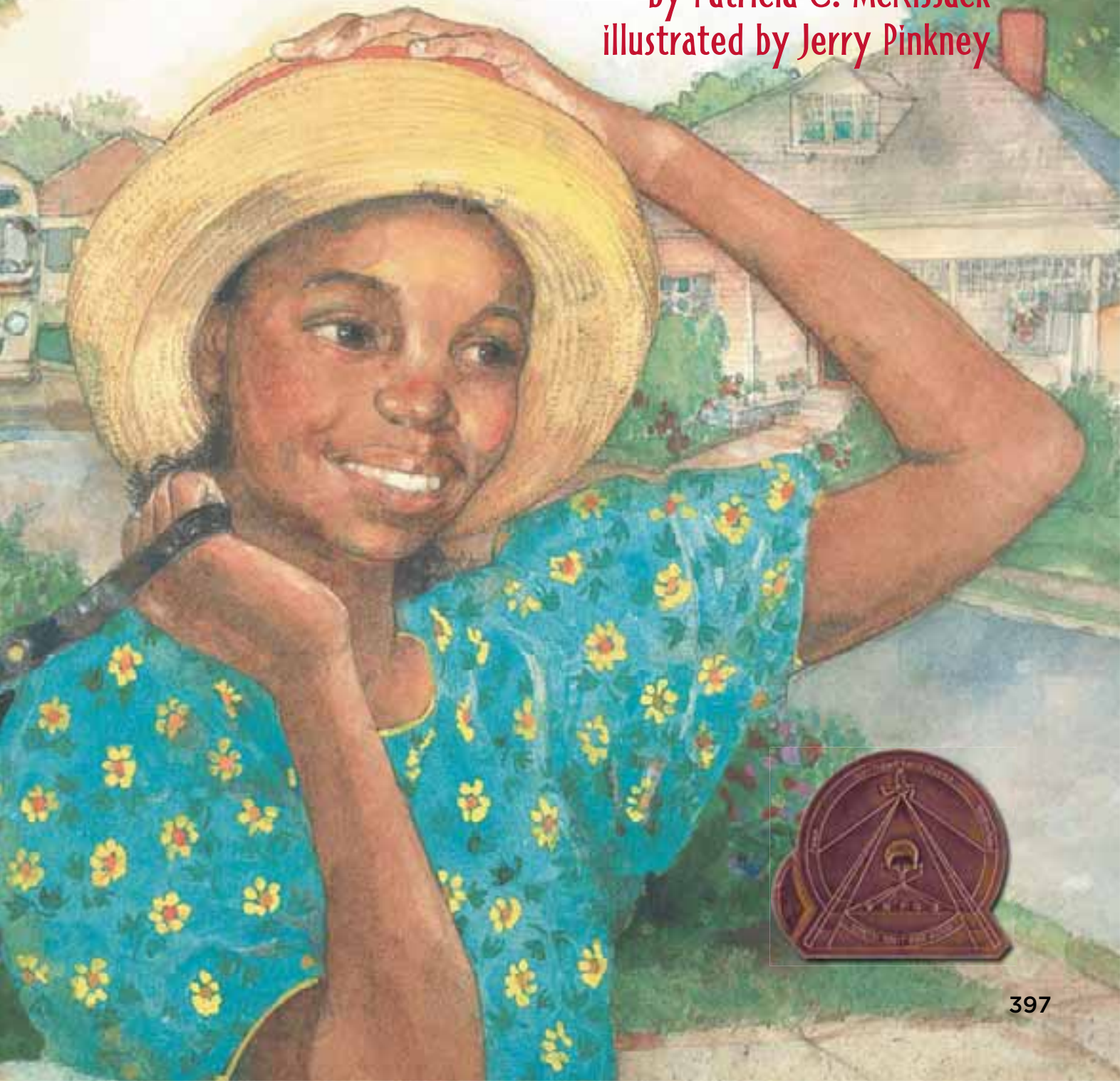
## Read to Find Out

Why is 'Tricia Ann's "special place" different from other places in town?



# Goin' Someplace Special

by Patricia C. McKissack  
illustrated by Jerry Pinkney





'Tricia Ann was about to burst with excitement. Crossing her fingers and closing her eyes, she **blurted** out her question. "Mama Frances, may I go to Someplace Special by myself, today? Pretty please? I know where to go get off the bus and what streets to take and all."

Although it had another name, 'Tricia Ann always called it Someplace Special because it was her favorite spot in the world.

"Please may I go? Pretty please with marshmallows on top?"

"I don't know if I'm ready to turn you loose in the world," Mama Frances answered, tying the sash of 'Tricia Ann's dress. "Goin' off alone is a mighty big step."

"I'm ready," the girl said, taking a giant leap across the floor. "See what a big step I can make?"

Mama Frances chuckled, all the time studying her granddaughter's face. "I trust you'll be particular, and remember everything I've told you."

"I will, I will," 'Tricia Ann said, real confident-like. Suddenly, her smile grew into a full grin. "So you're saying I can go?"

"I reckon . . . But you best hurry on 'fore I change my mind."

Pulling her pocketbook up on her shoulder, 'Tricia Ann blew her grandmother a thank-you kiss. Then she rushed out the door and down the sidewalk.

"And no matter what," Mama Frances called after her, "hold yo' head up and act like you b'long to somebody."





At the corner a green and white bus came to a jerky stop and hissed. When the doors folded back, 'Tricia Ann bounded up the steps and dropped in the **fare** same as when Mama Frances was with her.

The girl squared her shoulders, walked to the back, and took a seat behind the Jim Crow sign that said: COLORED SECTION.

'Tricia Ann had seen such signs all her life. She recalled the first time she and Mama Frances had taken this bus ride, and her grandmother had told her, "Those signs can tell us where to sit, but they can't tell us what to think."

"I'm gon' think about Someplace Special." 'Tricia Ann said to herself and turned to look out the window.

Stop by stop the bus began to fill. At the Farmer's Market, people crowded on, carrying bags of fruit and vegetables. Mrs. Grannell, Mama Frances' friend from sewing club, climbed on board. As she inched her way toward the back, 'Tricia Ann noticed that there were no seats left behind the Jim Crow sign. So she stood up and gave Mrs. Grannell hers.

"It's not fair," she said glaring at the empty seats up front.

"No, but that's the way it is, honey," said Mrs. Grannell.

"I don't understand why—" she began. But by now the bus had reached 'Tricia Ann's stop in front of Capitol Square in the heart of downtown. The doors swung open and she hurried off.

"Carry yo'self proud," Mrs. Grannell called out the window as the bus pulled away.



### Character

What does Mama Frances tell 'Tricia Ann about the sign on the bus? What does this tell you about the character of Mama Frances?



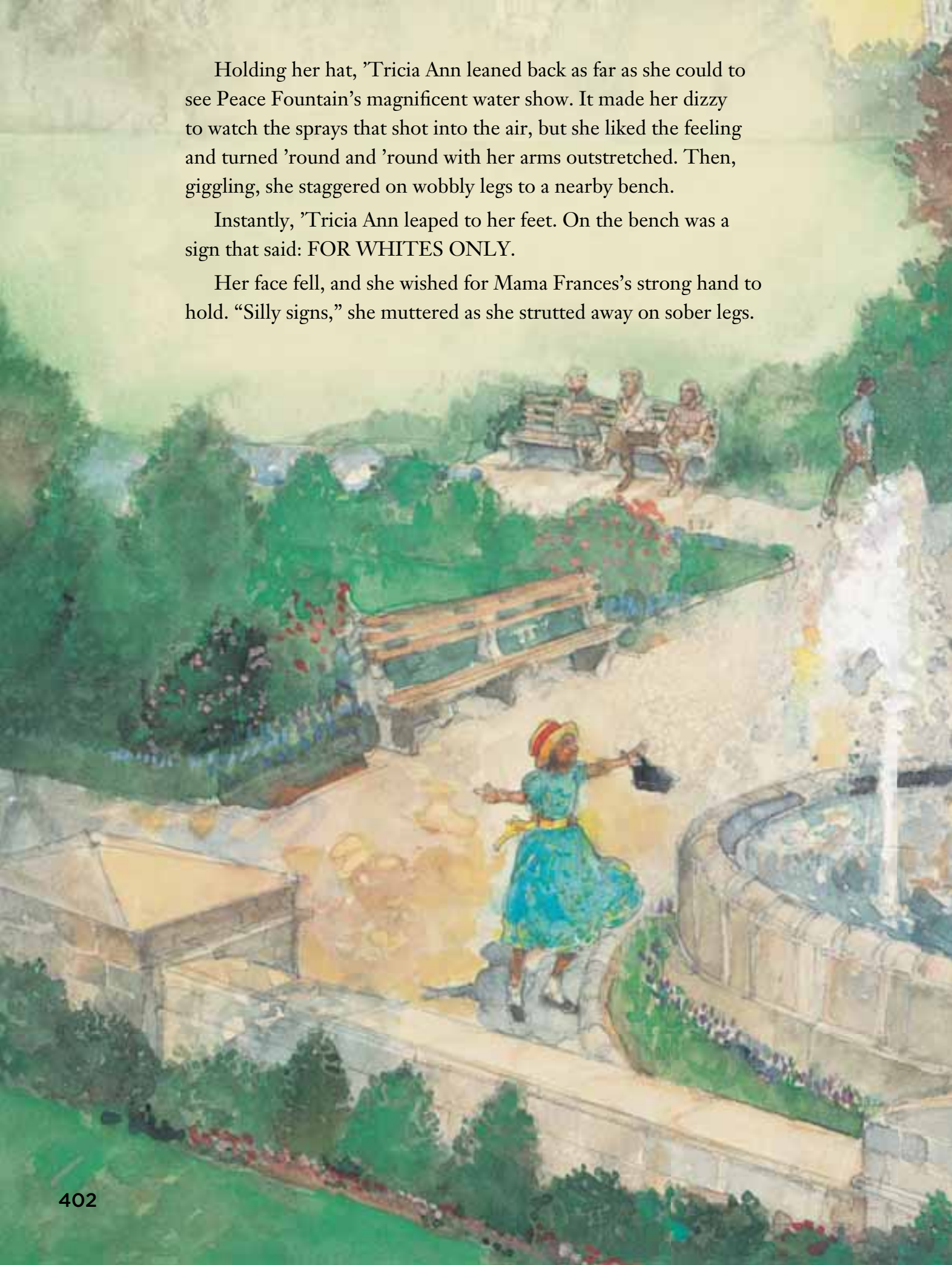




Holding her hat, 'Tricia Ann leaned back as far as she could to see Peace Fountain's magnificent water show. It made her dizzy to watch the sprays that shot into the air, but she liked the feeling and turned 'round and 'round with her arms outstretched. Then, giggling, she staggered on wobbly legs to a nearby bench.

Instantly, 'Tricia Ann leaped to her feet. On the bench was a sign that said: FOR WHITES ONLY.

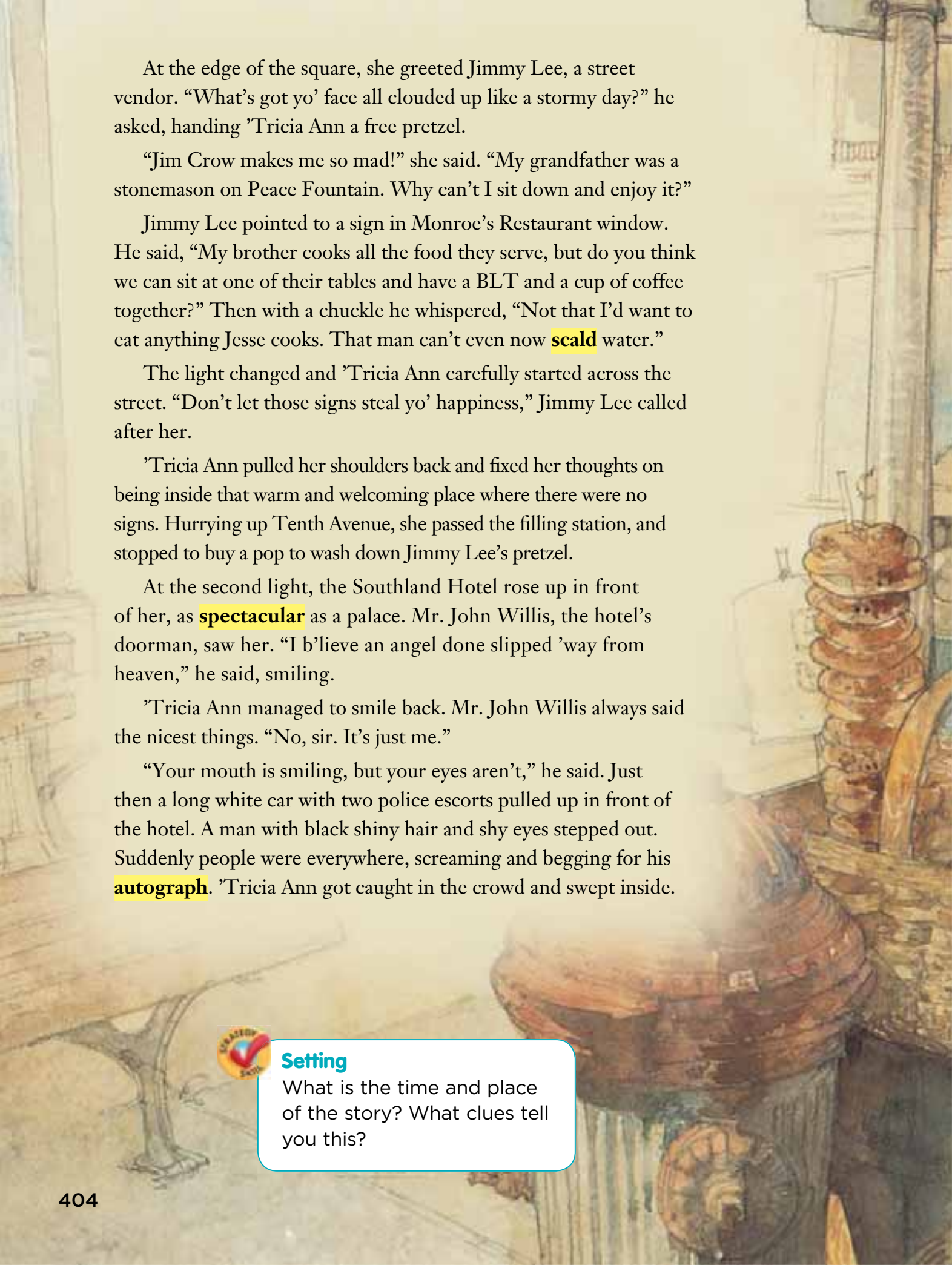
Her face fell, and she wished for Mama Frances's strong hand to hold. "Silly signs," she muttered as she strutted away on sober legs.











At the edge of the square, she greeted Jimmy Lee, a street vendor. “What’s got yo’ face all clouded up like a stormy day?” he asked, handing ’Tricia Ann a free pretzel.

“Jim Crow makes me so mad!” she said. “My grandfather was a stonemason on Peace Fountain. Why can’t I sit down and enjoy it?”

Jimmy Lee pointed to a sign in Monroe’s Restaurant window. He said, “My brother cooks all the food they serve, but do you think we can sit at one of their tables and have a BLT and a cup of coffee together?” Then with a chuckle he whispered, “Not that I’d want to eat anything Jesse cooks. That man can’t even now **scald** water.”

The light changed and ’Tricia Ann carefully started across the street. “Don’t let those signs steal yo’ happiness,” Jimmy Lee called after her.

’Tricia Ann pulled her shoulders back and fixed her thoughts on being inside that warm and welcoming place where there were no signs. Hurrying up Tenth Avenue, she passed the filling station, and stopped to buy a pop to wash down Jimmy Lee’s pretzel.

At the second light, the Southland Hotel rose up in front of her, as **spectacular** as a palace. Mr. John Willis, the hotel’s doorman, saw her. “I b’lieve an angel done slipped ’way from heaven,” he said, smiling.

’Tricia Ann managed to smile back. Mr. John Willis always said the nicest things. “No, sir. It’s just me.”

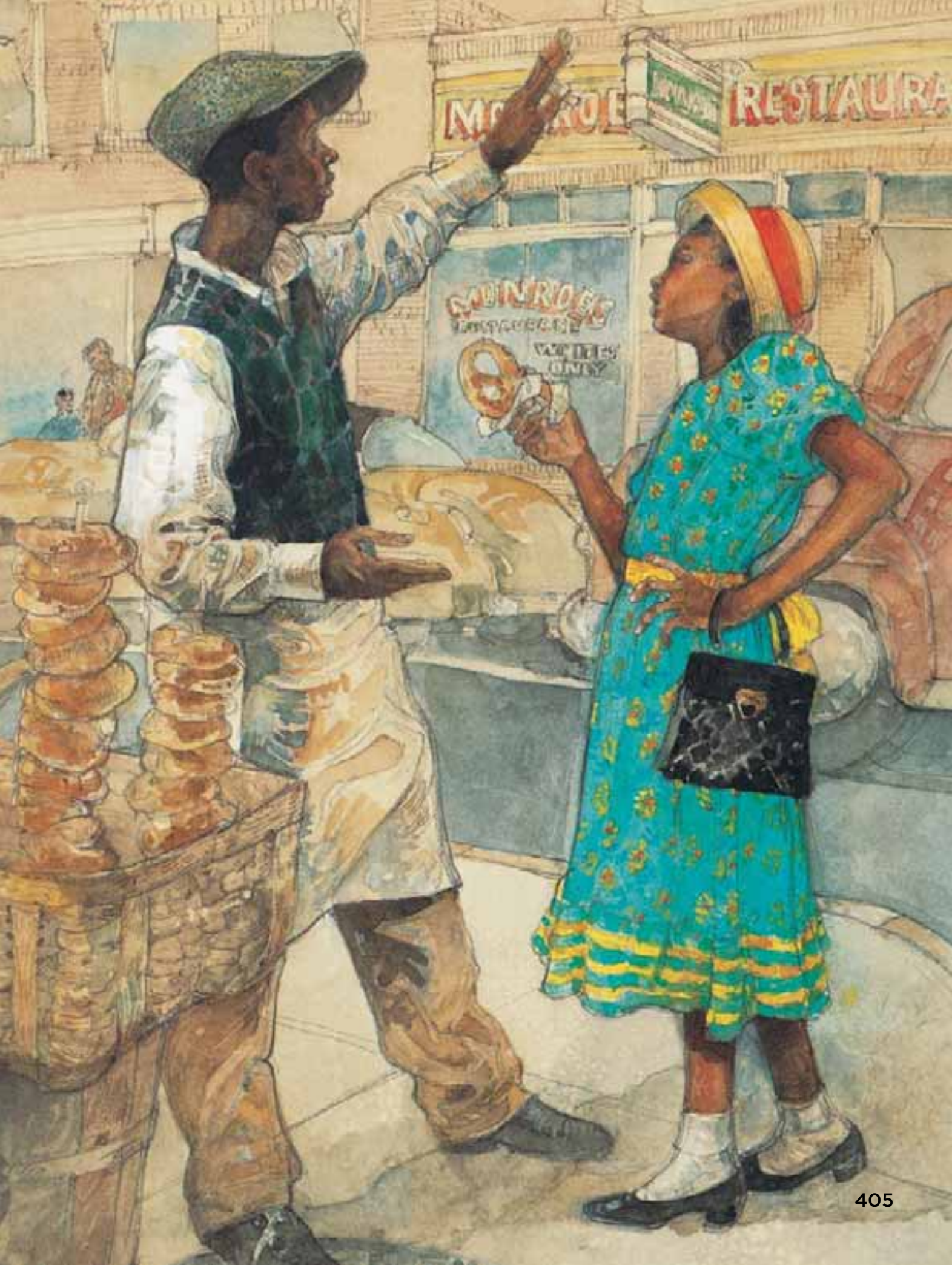
“Your mouth is smiling, but your eyes aren’t,” he said. Just then a long white car with two police escorts pulled up in front of the hotel. A man with black shiny hair and shy eyes stepped out. Suddenly people were everywhere, screaming and begging for his **autograph**. ’Tricia Ann got caught in the crowd and swept inside.



### Setting

What is the time and place of the story? What clues tell you this?





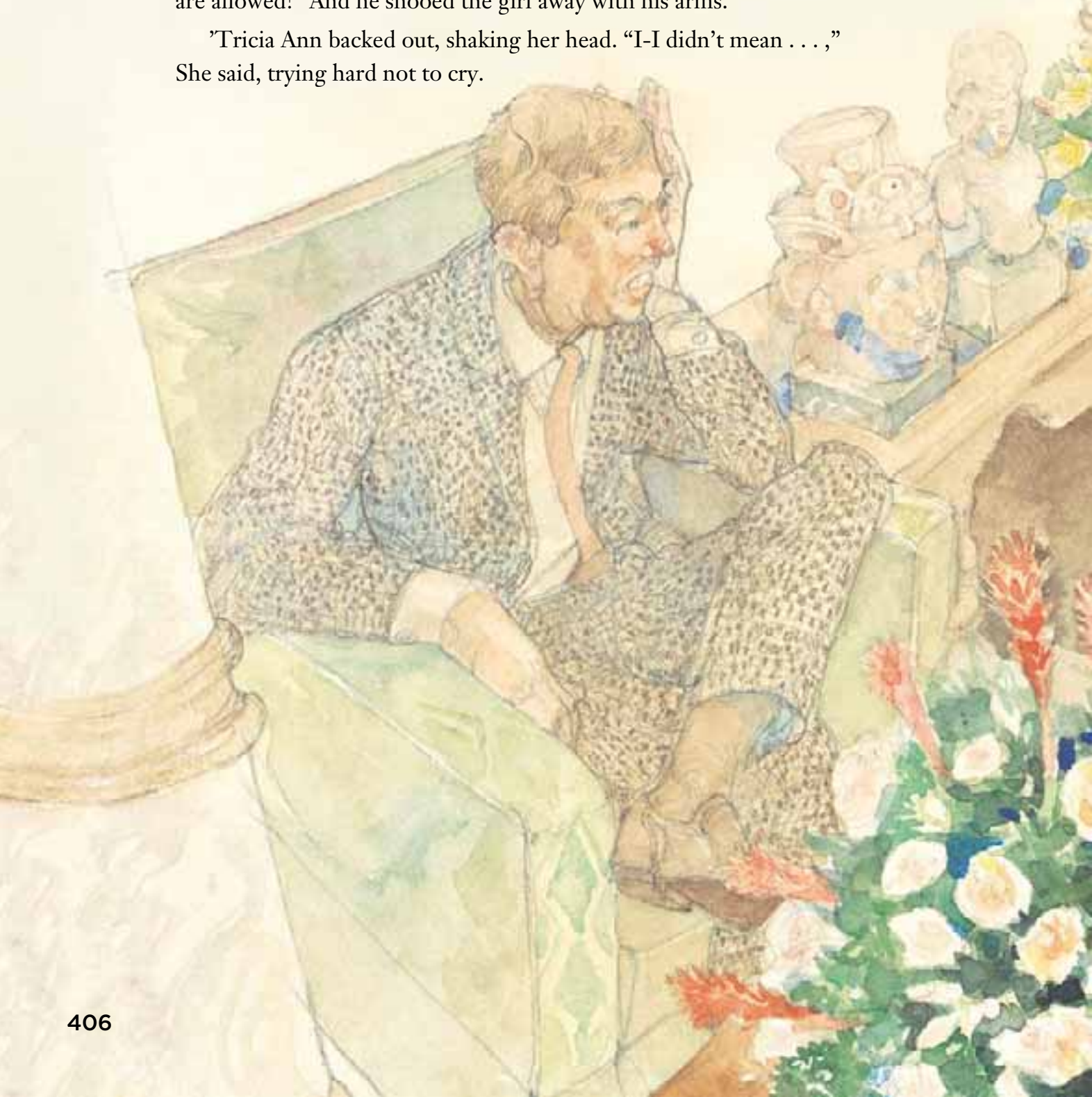


So often she'd wondered what it would feel like to walk on the royal carpet that covered the double-winding staircase, or to stand in the light of the chandelier that looked like a million diamonds strung together. Now, there she was—smack in the middle of the Southland Hotel's grand lobby.

Somebody pointed at her. "What is *she* doing in here?"

It seemed as if the whole world had stopped talking, stopped moving, and was staring at her. The manager pushed his way to the front of the crowd. "What makes you think you can come inside? No colored people are allowed!" And he shooed the girl away with his arms.

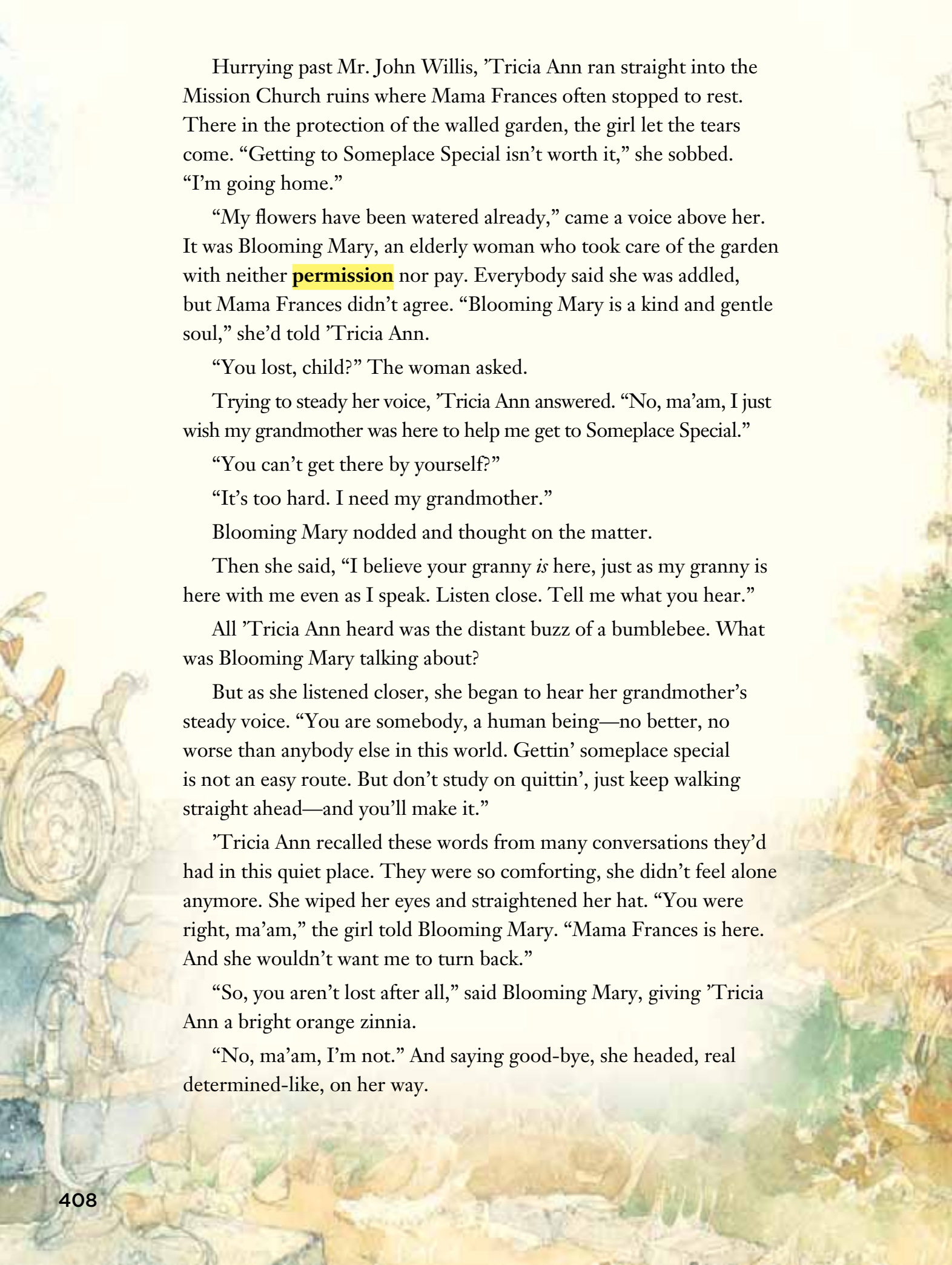
'Tricia Ann backed out, shaking her head. "I-I didn't mean . . .," She said, trying hard not to cry.











Hurrying past Mr. John Willis, 'Tricia Ann ran straight into the Mission Church ruins where Mama Frances often stopped to rest. There in the protection of the walled garden, the girl let the tears come. "Getting to Someplace Special isn't worth it," she sobbed. "I'm going home."

"My flowers have been watered already," came a voice above her. It was Blooming Mary, an elderly woman who took care of the garden with neither **permission** nor pay. Everybody said she was addled, but Mama Frances didn't agree. "Blooming Mary is a kind and gentle soul," she'd told 'Tricia Ann.

"You lost, child?" The woman asked.

Trying to steady her voice, 'Tricia Ann answered. "No, ma'am, I just wish my grandmother was here to help me get to Someplace Special."

"You can't get there by yourself?"

"It's too hard. I need my grandmother."

Blooming Mary nodded and thought on the matter.

Then she said, "I believe your granny *is* here, just as my granny is here with me even as I speak. Listen close. Tell me what you hear."

All 'Tricia Ann heard was the distant buzz of a bumblebee. What was Blooming Mary talking about?

But as she listened closer, she began to hear her grandmother's steady voice. "You are somebody, a human being—no better, no worse than anybody else in this world. Gettin' someplace special is not an easy route. But don't study on quittin', just keep walking straight ahead—and you'll make it."

'Tricia Ann recalled these words from many conversations they'd had in this quiet place. They were so comforting, she didn't feel alone anymore. She wiped her eyes and straightened her hat. "You were right, ma'am," the girl told Blooming Mary. "Mama Frances is here. And she wouldn't want me to turn back."

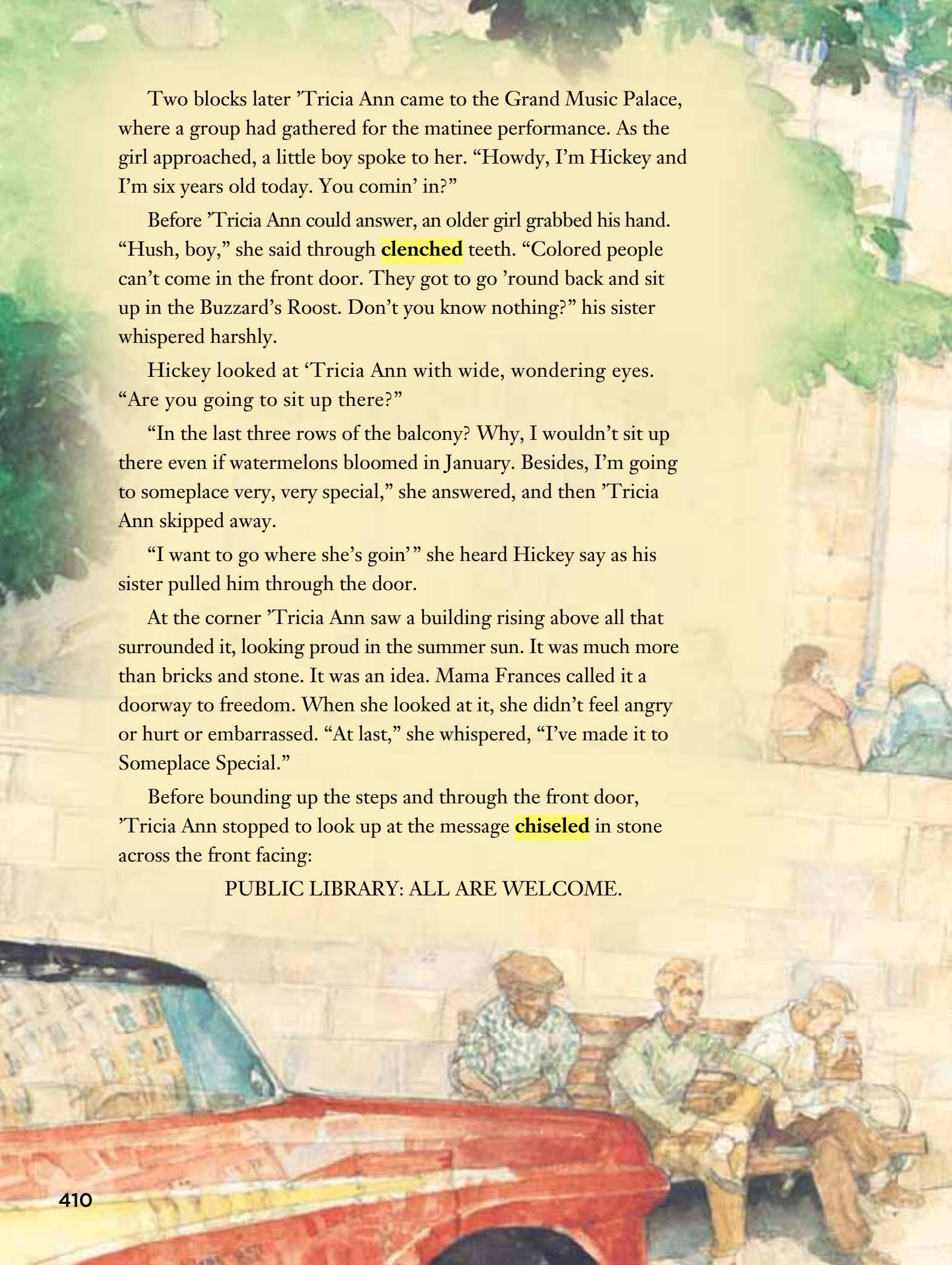
"So, you aren't lost after all," said Blooming Mary, giving 'Tricia Ann a bright orange zinnia.

"No, ma'am, I'm not." And saying good-bye, she headed, real determined-like, on her way.









Two blocks later 'Tricia Ann came to the Grand Music Palace, where a group had gathered for the matinee performance. As the girl approached, a little boy spoke to her. "Howdy, I'm Hickey and I'm six years old today. You comin' in?"

Before 'Tricia Ann could answer, an older girl grabbed his hand. "Hush, boy," she said through **clenched** teeth. "Colored people can't come in the front door. They got to go 'round back and sit up in the Buzzard's Roost. Don't you know nothing?" his sister whispered harshly.

Hickey looked at 'Tricia Ann with wide, wondering eyes. "Are you going to sit up there?"

"In the last three rows of the balcony? Why, I wouldn't sit up there even if watermelons bloomed in January. Besides, I'm going to someplace very, very special," she answered, and then 'Tricia Ann skipped away.

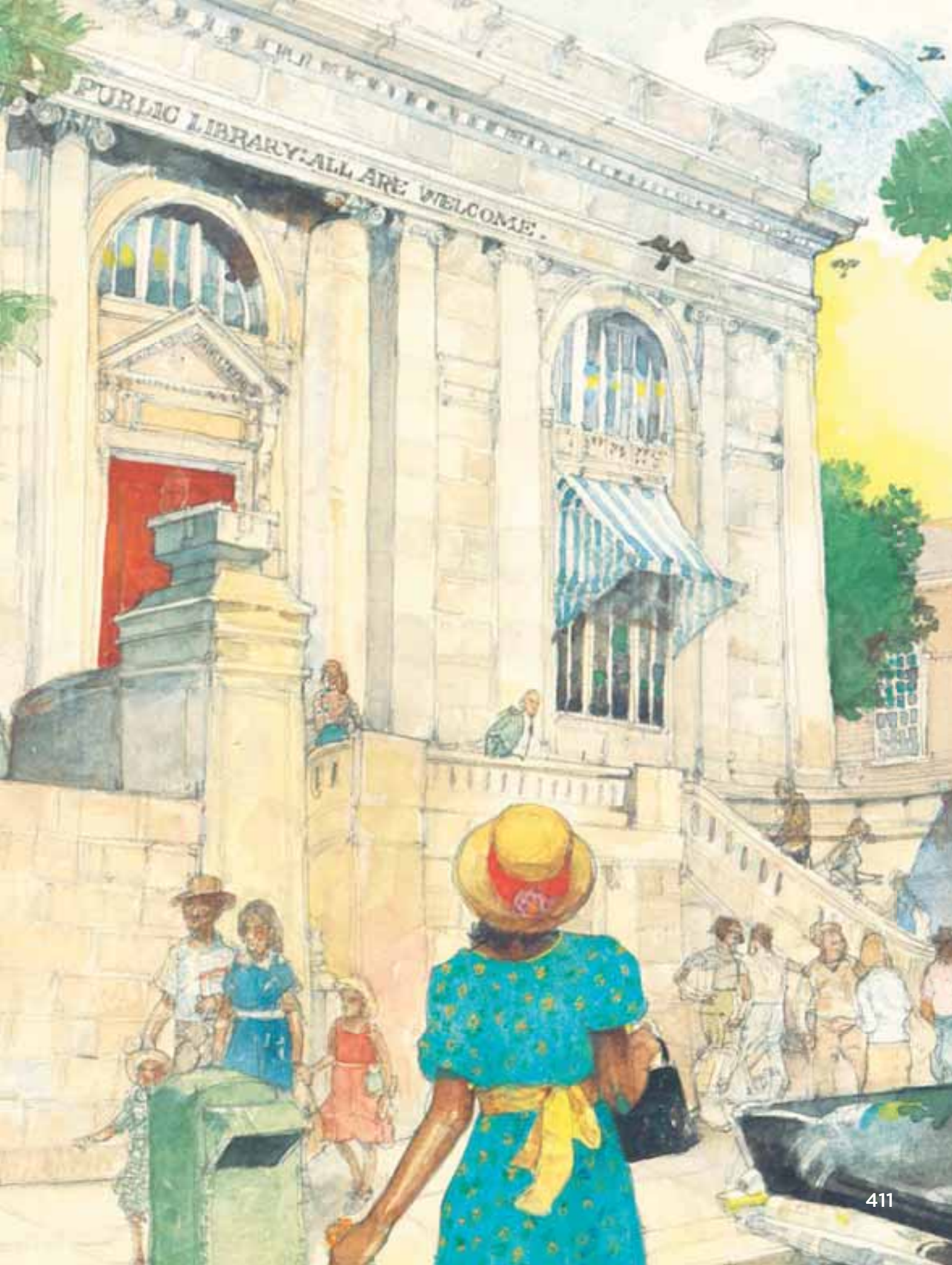
"I want to go where she's goin'" she heard Hickey say as his sister pulled him through the door.

At the corner 'Tricia Ann saw a building rising above all that surrounded it, looking proud in the summer sun. It was much more than bricks and stone. It was an idea. Mama Frances called it a doorway to freedom. When she looked at it, she didn't feel angry or hurt or embarrassed. "At last," she whispered, "I've made it to Someplace Special."

Before bounding up the steps and through the front door, 'Tricia Ann stopped to look up at the message **chiseled** in stone across the front facing:

PUBLIC LIBRARY: ALL ARE WELCOME.





# Visit Someplace Special with Patricia C. McKissack and Jerry Pinkney



**Patricia C. McKissack** based this story on her life growing up in Nashville, Tennessee. Like 'Tricia Ann, she couldn't go many places, but she could always go to the public library. Patricia wanted children to know that even though life sometimes seems unfair, love and determination often make things turn out all right. It was her teachers, she says, who started her on the road to books, reading, and the public library.

**Jerry Pinkney** started drawing by copying from comic books and magazines, just like his two older brothers. In junior high school, he sketched people he saw on the street, and has been drawing and painting ever since. Jerry has even drawn eleven postage stamps for the U.S. Postal Service. "I'd rather draw than do anything else!" he says.



**Another book** by Patricia C. McKissack and Jerry Pinkney:  
*Mirandy and Brother Wind*



Find out more about Patricia C. McKissack and Jerry Pinkney at  
[www.macmillanmh.com](http://www.macmillanmh.com)

## Author's Purpose

The author both shares information about life under Jim Crow and tells an entertaining story. Identify historic details.





## Comprehension Check



### Summarize

Use your Character and Setting Chart to help you summarize *Goin' Someplace Special*. Be sure your summary includes the most important information from the story.

| Character | Setting |
|-----------|---------|
|           |         |
|           |         |
|           |         |
|           |         |



### Think and Compare

1. How would the story be different if the author had set her story in the present instead of the past? **Story Structure: Character and Setting**
2. Reread page 410. How do you think the library was “a doorway to freedom”? **Critical**
3. How would you react to a law that denied you **permission** to sit in the front of a bus or enter a hotel lobby? **Analyze**
4. Explain what Mama Frances meant when she said that getting someplace special is not always easy. Do you agree or disagree with her opinion? Explain your answer. **Evaluate**
5. Reread “Lunch Counter Encounter” on pages 394–395. Compare Joe’s experience at the drugstore to Tricia Ann’s experience on the bus and in the hotel lobby. How are their situations the same? How are they different? Use evidence from both stories to support your answer. **Reading/Writing Across Texts**



# Through My Eyes

by Ruby Bridges

## Social Studies

### Genre

An **Autobiography** is an account of events in a person's life that is written in that person's own words.



### Text Feature

A **Time Line** is a diagram of several events arranged in the order in which they took place. A time line helps to organize information in an easy, visual way.

### Content Vocabulary

**unconstitutional**

**banned**

**boycott**

**segregation**

*Ruby Bridges was six years old in November 1960, and she was about to make history. A judge had recently ruled that it was **unconstitutional** for African American students to be **banned** from attending the same school as white students. Ruby Bridges was the first black student to attend William Frantz Elementary School in New Orleans. Here's an account in her own words of her first day at her new school and of the events that followed:*

Once we were inside the building, the marshals walked us up a flight of stairs. The school office was at the top. My mother and I went in and were told to sit in the principal's office. The marshals sat outside. There were windows in the room where we waited. That meant everybody passing by could see us. I remember noticing everyone was white.



The artist Norman Rockwell painted this picture called *The Problem We All Live With*.



All day long white parents rushed into the office. They were upset. They were arguing and pointing at us. When they took their children to school that morning, the parents hadn't been sure whether William Frantz would be integrated that day or not. After my mother and I arrived, they ran into classrooms and dragged their children out of the school. From behind the windows in the office, all I saw was confusion. I told myself that this must be the way it is in a big school.

That whole first day, my mother and I just sat and waited. We didn't talk to anybody. I remember watching a big, round clock on the wall. When it was 3:00

and time to go home, I was glad. I had thought my new school would be hard, but the first day was easy.

When we left school that first day, the crowd outside was even bigger and louder than it had been in the morning. There were reporters and film cameras and people everywhere. I guess the police couldn't keep them behind the barricades. It seemed to take us a long time to get to the marshals' car.



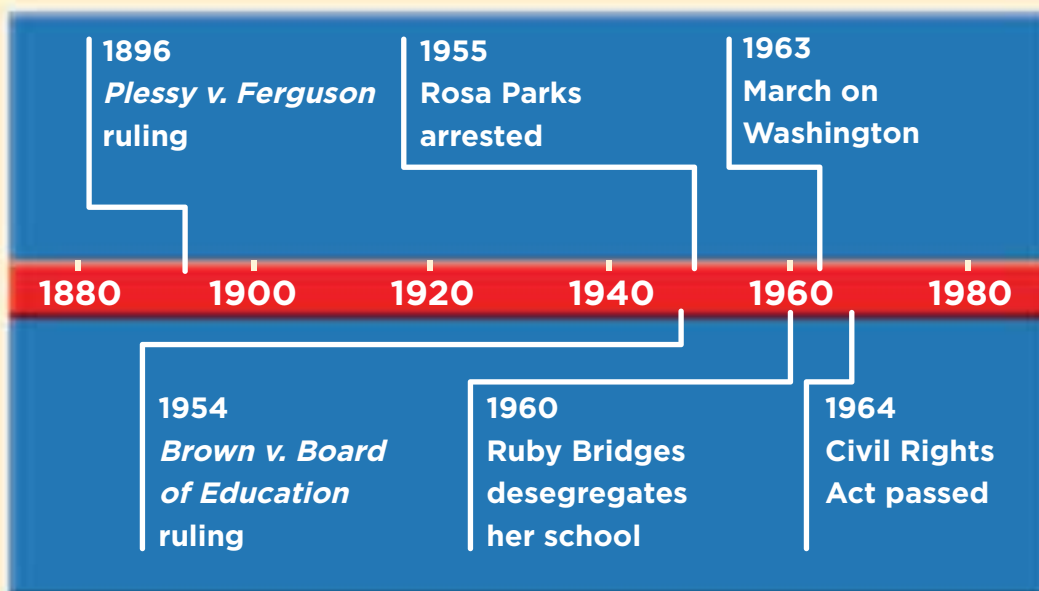
Entering the school with U.S. Marshals

## Marching Through History



### Reading a Time Line

One way to review events from history is to organize them on a time line.



Later on I learned there had been protestors in front of the integrated schools the whole day. They wanted to be sure white parents would **boycott** the school and not let their children attend. Groups of high school boys, joining the protestors, paraded up and down the street and sang new verses to old hymns. Their favorite was “Battle Hymn of the Republic,” in which they changed the chorus to “Glory, glory, **segregation**, the South will rise again.” Many of the boys carried signs and said awful things, but most of all I remember seeing a black doll in a coffin, which frightened me more than anything else.

After the first day, I was glad to get home. I wanted to change my clothes and go outside to find my friends. My mother wasn't too worried about me because the police had set up barricades at each end of the block. Only local residents were allowed on our street. That afternoon I taught a friend the chant I had learned: “Two, four, six, eight, we don't want to integrate.” My friend and I didn't know

what the words meant, but we would jump rope to it every day after school.

My father heard about the trouble at school. That night when he came home from work, he said I was his “brave little Ruby.”

*The next day brave Ruby and her mother drove to school with the marshals. Here's more of Ruby's amazing story, in her own words:*

When we finally got into the building, my new teacher was there to meet us. Her name was Mrs. Henry. She was young and white. I had not spent time with a white person before, so I was uneasy at first. Mrs. Henry led us upstairs to the second floor. As we went up, we hardly saw anyone else in the building. The white students were not coming to class. The halls were so quiet, I could hear the noise the marshals' shoes made on the shiny hardwood floors.

Mrs. Henry took us into a classroom and said to have a seat. When I looked around, the room was empty. There were rows of desks, but no children. I thought we were too early, but Mrs. Henry said we were right on time. My mother sat down at the back of the room. I took a seat up front, and Mrs. Henry began to teach.

I spent the whole first day with Mrs. Henry in the classroom. I wasn't allowed to have lunch in the cafeteria or go outside for recess, so we just stayed in our room. The marshals sat outside. If I had to go to the bathroom, the marshals walked me down the hall.



on the steps of William Frantz Elementary School



My mother sat in the classroom that day, but not the next. When the marshals came to the house on Wednesday morning, my mother said, “Ruby, I can’t go to school with you today, but don’t be afraid. The marshals will take care of you. Be good now, and don’t cry.”

I started to cry anyway, but before I knew it, I was off to school by myself.

*Ruby Bridges finished the school year, and she returned in the fall. As years passed and Ruby continued in school, the fight for civil rights continued as well. In 1995 Ruby and Mrs. Henry decided to work together. Now they visit classrooms around the country, sharing what they have learned.*

*Ruby tells students that schools can bring people together. Ruby and Mrs. Henry are no longer a class of two.*



Mrs. Henry and Ruby Bridges

## Connect and Compare



1. Use the time line on page 415 to find how many years separate the arrest of Rosa Parks and the Civil Rights Act.  
**Reading a Time Line**
2. How is reading Ruby Bridges’s own words different from reading about her experience from a secondary source? **Evaluate**
3. Think about “Through My Eyes” and *Goin’ Someplace Special*. How are the experiences that Ruby Bridges and ‘Tricia Ann went through similar? How are they different? **Explain.**

**Reading/Writing Across Texts**



## Social Studies Activity

Research a person involved in the civil rights movement. Write a summary of his or her life. Include a time line of important events in the life of this person.



Find out more about civil rights at [www.macmillanmh.com](http://www.macmillanmh.com)



## Writer's Craft

### Facts and Opinions

The first sentence, or lead, in a news article tells the most important fact. Details telling when, where, and why something happened appear later in the story. Include only **facts** and avoid words that show your **opinions**.

My lead sentence presents the most important fact.

After I wrote the lead, I presented only facts.

# Write a News Article

## Civil Rights Celebration

by Sunny C.

**PHILADELPHIA, 2008** Students observed a special day of learning about the civil rights movement during the first civil rights celebration at Smith Middle School. The event was on February 20, after lunch in the auditorium.

The celebration began with a video about the 1963 March on Washington that showed Martin Luther King, Jr.'s famous "I Have a Dream" speech. The guest speaker, Mr. Ellis, who walked in the march, had many eyewitness stories. He talked about what it was like to grow up with segregation and of his involvement in the movement. There was also an art exhibit called "Heroes of Freedom," which covered the auditorium with colorful student drawings of famous leaders.

Students who attended the celebration said it was inspiring. Principal Thompson thanked the teachers, parents, and students who helped with the event. She said it was the perfect way to celebrate the victories and heroes of the civil rights movement.



## Your Turn

Find an event happening in your school or community, like a play, that interests you. Attend this event and take notes of your observations. Write a news article telling others about it. Remember to grab your readers' attention with an interesting lead. Present important facts later in the article. Use the writer's checklist to check your writing.



### Writer's Checklist

- ☒ **Ideas and Content:** Did I write about an event I attended in my school or community?
- ☒ **Organization:** Does my lead present the most important fact? Did I include enough supporting details in the rest of the article?
- ☐ **Voice:** Did I state the **facts** and avoid **opinions**?
- ☒ **Word Choice:** Did I choose the right words?
- ☒ **Sentence Fluency:** Did I provide a variety of sentence types?
- ☒ **Conventions:** Did I check to be sure that all pronouns agree with their antecedents? Did I proofread for spelling errors?